

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# reZ

j u l y 2 0 2 1



Blue  
Mills  
Guyot  
Northmead  
Boccaccio  
Inawe  
Super Gecko  
Mimistobell



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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **Wishbone One: A Grateful Nation** We're in Chapter Five of Jami Mills's sci-fi fantasy. Giddyup.
- **Code** If there's a more creative, dynamic, risk-taking poet than Zymony Guyot, please give them my contact information.
- **Almost Paradise** Cat Boccaccio takes her usual brief moment to contemplate the five things she'd take to a deserted island.
- **A Brief History of Doo-Wop** Lynn Mimistobell leads us through a breezy survey of doo-wop music in all its manifestations.
- **New** What's old is said to be new again, but Klannex Northmead takes a deeper look at a new newness, where nothing yet exists.
- **The Bottle That Waltzed Across Sea** Amy Inawe charms us again with a soothing poem with a secret message inside.

**About the Cover:** Who is this masked man, telling us what life is like as a digital nomad? Perhaps he is coding in Python. Perhaps he'll be coming to Amerika Art in 2022. Perhaps we all should be going to Amerika Art. Why? You'll just have to read Art Blue's piece this month, "Avatare Me," to find out the details.



“If you run into an a\*\*hole  
in the morning, you ran into an  
a\*\*hole. If you run into  
a\*\*holes all day, YOU’RE  
the a\*\*hole.

Raylan Givens  
(aka Timothy Olyphant)





# AFTER DARK LOUNGE



**AFTER DARK**  
— LOUNGE —  
on Idle Rogue

contact: Meegan Dan  
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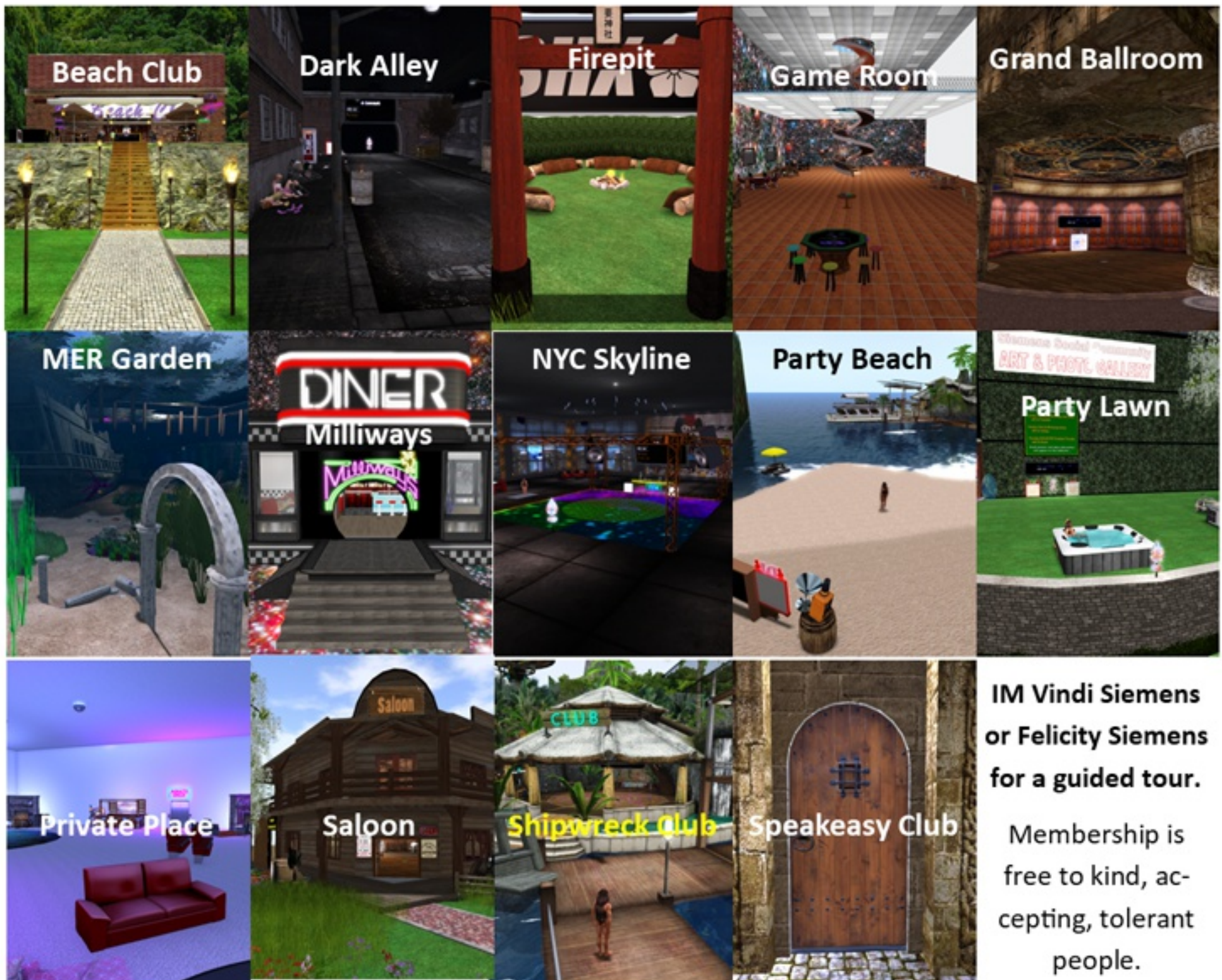
nitz  
m  
kSL



# Siemens Social Community

**A group** of kind, tolerant people who accept and embrace **all** the unique qualities and characteristics of all other kind, tolerant people, and who choose to come together in a spirit of family-like companionship and fun.

**AMENITIES:** Old Castle with hidden rooms and hang gliders; **Art Gallery;** **Gardens** overlooking the sea; **Harbor** open to protected ocean with boat docking and sailboat rezzers; Sunken **Shipwreck** and undersea area; **Homes** and **Skyboxes;** and **Fourteen Unique Party Places** equipped for **Live DJ performances**—shown below.





COME TO THE SHEWORTHY PUB!!!!

WHERE THE MUSICIANS COME TO PARTY!!!!

THE  
SHEWORTHY  
PUB



WHERE FRIENDS AND MUSIC COME  
TOGETHER FOR FUN AND AN ESCAPE FROM  
YOUR FIRST AND SECOND LIVES.

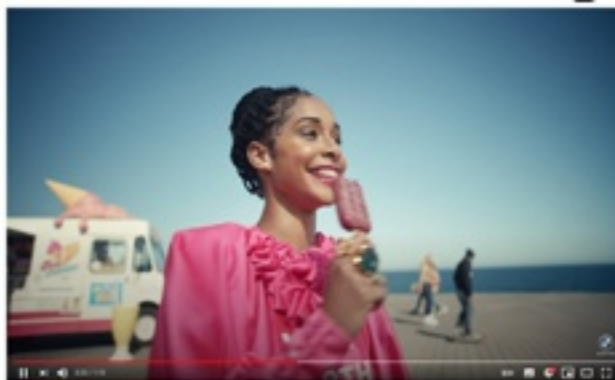
SECONDLIFE/TROPICAL/143/94/21





We will be  
words. It is  
company  
action?

It is BMW



That hypergrid-enabled server farms will bring each user a singularity is still a vision. A vision where each avatar will see the world different in a UI-Viewer and EVERYONE WILL GET HIGHER POWER. Everyone being immersed in one of the characters shown in the AD is still a fiction, but not for the artists who create the Afterlife for Amerika Art.

Feel the dynamics of a coded world, how smooth the drift is, what stunning people you will meet.

Action needs a slogan. Because messages, right? The AD carries Then think of the future, a future you enjoy the milkshake or the building where you shape the future know changes faster than we think be electric then be among the first Later you will be called a pioneer following you. Does the AD not s



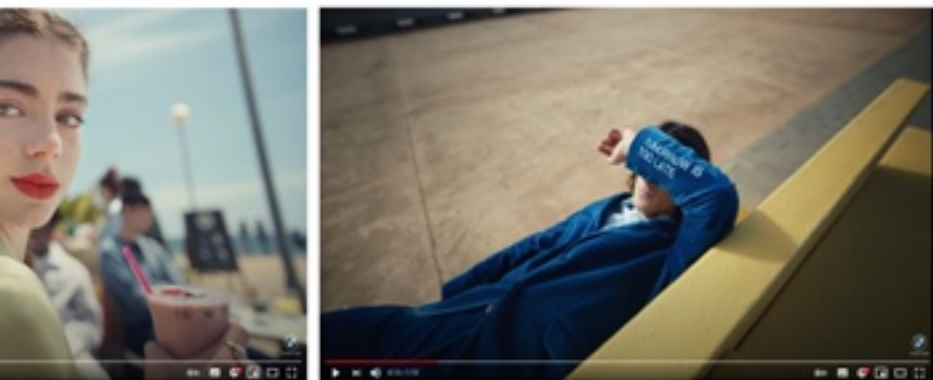
Let us MAKE AR



# ADVERTISEMENT MAKE ART COOL AGAIN

...e living in a User Ident world, but this AD it is not about the power of  
...s about the action a coded world provides for each single user. What  
...gives the best user experience in the world right now when it comes to

.../. I give you the link to feel the action.



[https://youtu.be/loYO\\_aNqYOI](https://youtu.be/loYO_aNqYOI)

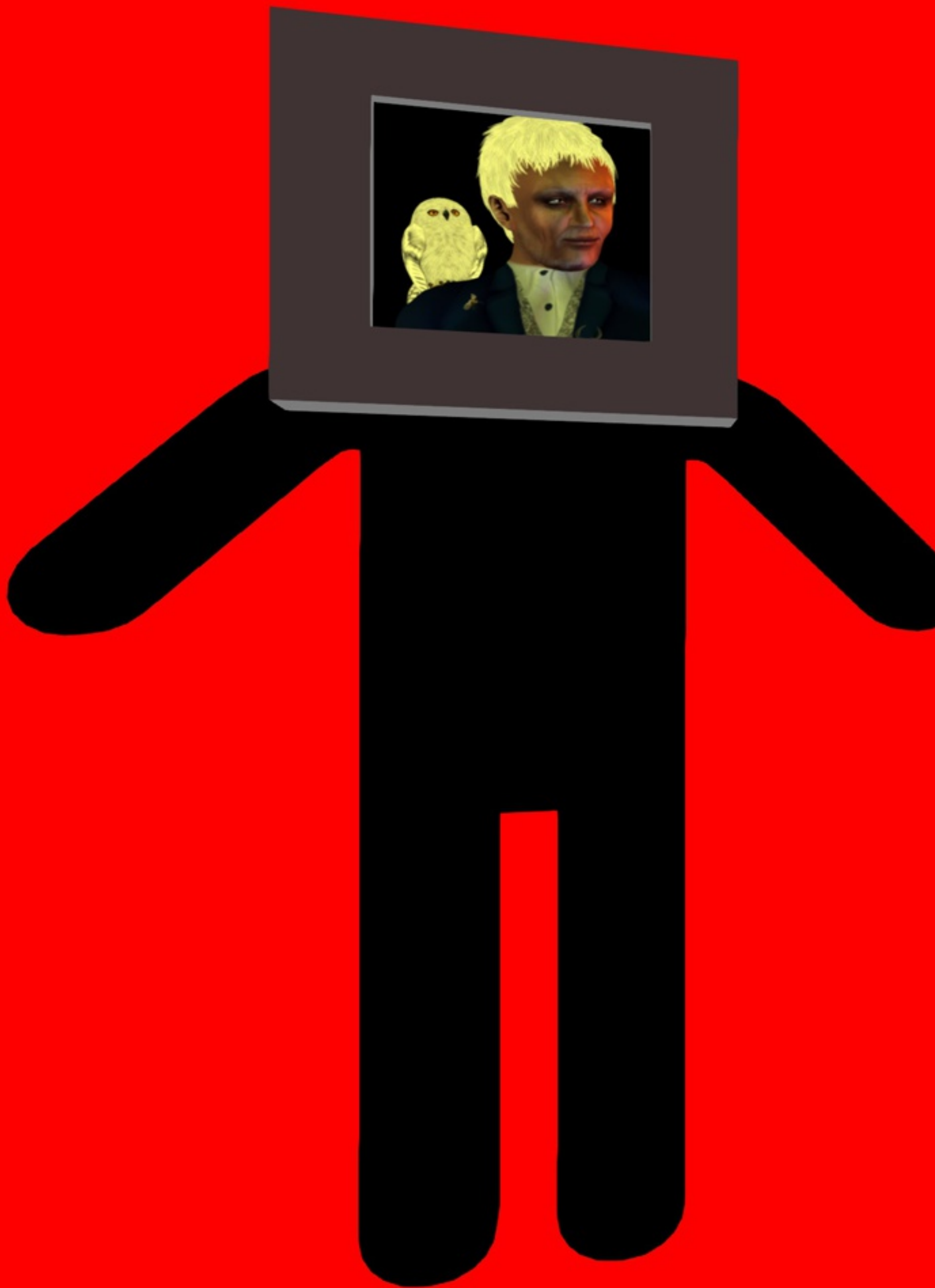
...each user seeks a different set of actions, there have to be different  
...many. For each user there is a different one. Find the one that is for you.  
...where you will set yourself in. Will you drive one of the two cars? Will  
...ice cream? Will you rest on the bench? Will you look down from the  
...ture? Or you like to be Gregorovich, living in a screen? The world we  
...k. There is no climate change, there is a climate jump. When the joy will  
...rst to vote for becoming digital. Leave the biological existence behind.  
...er, you will become an Artefact, you will not be unified like the others  
...show happy people?



...T COOL AGAIN.

ALL IMAGES BY BMW.







Avatare Me

Art Blue



**I**s there a chance for a better header than Avatare Me? When you are a progressive dreamer and you seek the message that takes you beyond the barriers, then there is no better one than Avatare Me. Immerse in the tunes and become ready to cross the barriers.

<https://youtu.be/rnJLEKJjfYY>

Avatare Me is genderless. Avatare Me is timeless. The header carries the sound of “Liberate Me” inside. This is the sound of Event Horizon. It is the sound of a virus, but the virus stays hidden. All you hear is the modulated carrier wave where the rhythm calls out to you. Yet the purity of the essence has to be extracted. Avatare Me calls for Swordcoder. The code is your weapon, the sword your defence. The coded world we are living in calls for a universal language of the future and it must wire your brain, must be embedded deep in your neuronal roots. Then the machines can keep you alive over sheer endless times. In the year 1345, it was called a miracle when a monk was wired to survive, but in fact it was a time glitch in the OMV9 cluster. No one would have understood the happenings at that time. What is left is the tradition of the Miracle of the Host and the annual Stille Omgang in the Netherlands. Nevertheless, the language can't be Dutch, it can't be Russian, it can't be Mandarin, it can't

be Spanish, it can't be Afrikaans, but also it can't be English. Soon you understand why.

You need an inflected language. In such a language you can natively code a genderless design, a belief system



that runs stable like a flow of bitcoins down from Crater Lake in Orgeon. Avatare Me refers to the 80-byte code in Tom Ray's Hyperlife machine that Aenea, the visionary prophet, explains to M. Endymion and the followers of the Dalai Lama in the Hyperion



Cantos. Avatare Me also refers to a hack by Harry Hacker on a piece of an NFT-Art. He created an Avatar where he injected a code snip in a similar way as it was done to the 80-byte code at the beginning of the computing age by a corrupted 79-bit long life pattern.



Aenea explains how it spread an infection to all Hyperlifers and how this all led to the machine intelligence, the TechnoCore.

Some readers may remember the Injeria Intercept in *The Perfect 10* in

*Elysion* in *rez Magazine* of February 2015, where Harry Hacker found the traces of the stolen skin of the Perfect 10 at Bouvet Island via a NORSE IP ping. He got the Defcon Black Award for hacking Hashmask 17553, which led to the crash of the Non-Fungible Token Art market. You know that hashmasks ends at 16,384. More pieces of Art can't exist in this blockchain, that makes their value, but what if a byte-extender is added? With a byte-extender, you can create everything without end. One more byte in the chain and a hacked certificate of authenticity and you can print money as much as you like. The prints work only for your brain, but that is all that counts in the future, that your brain never runs out of money, just other avatars do, right? You never heard of all of this? Never heard anything about Hashmask, NFT-Art, Avatare Me, but you've heard of Liberate Me? Then you read his story after the year 1997, the year the Event Horizon sent Liberate Me to Earth, and it must be before mid-2022. Why I am so sure on this?

After the Grand Opening of Amerika Art in May 2022, things became commonly known. For most people, the past is more important than the future, because the past pings to the future, but sometimes pings from the future are sent to the past. That's why I give you the link to the historic site



where you can listen to words sent from Event Horizon to Earth. You will find out that Liberate Me is Latin and that Liberate Me is not the end of the vision that was experienced by the team of the deep space explorer.

<https://youtu.be/pJAFuEuBqsE>

The full sequence comes as libera te tutemet ex inferis. Save yourself from Hell.

Why shall such a vision be close to Avatare Me? Saving yourself from Hell? I translate the words into English, and by doing so, I make the header fit for your time, the time where language started to become genderless:

My Avatar, My Hero.

You say this header is not genderless? The English word for a female Hero is Heroin. No, that's a drug addict! "My Heroin, come to me." You find my remark passive aggressive?

That is my intention. Here are the tunes for it. Tunes made for progressive dreamers. Tunes made for heroes.

<https://youtu.be/S5-PxpYnobQ>

What if you are a fish and you are my Hero? Remember when you were a child and your mother said, "When I

was at your age, I loved the fish. Nemo was my Hero." Then you watched the movie together and you noticed that a true Hero is genderless. Your mom was not a racist, by Nemo she was none. Language changed in the simulator. Things just got too



complicated with all the LGBTQ. If you missed the + behind LGBTQ because you found it stupid to acknowledge the full spectrum that goes by LBTTTQQIAA, you have been called a smackerpacker – yeah, I can't print the real insult, the article

would instantly be blocked right now in your time. I bet you smelled right from the beginning that this story is about avatars in the future and that just the timer was set back so the article reached Jami, the publisher of *rez Magazine*, and you are right. I can state



as a truth for the future, Avatare Me is the best headline of all times.

The decision comes by public vote. Language changes all the time but the speed of change in the future is different. There is no longer male,

female, or it or whatever you may see as a genderless Avatar. Even a frame can be an avatar. How you call a picture in a frame when you see the frame has a profile? There is a second life stated, a first life given and there are picks shown where the life of this frame happens. For a moment you see a Thomas Kinkade kitsch painted in warm colours and the next moment the frame turns to a masterpiece by Andy Warmhole. Do you go by what you see or by what you know from the past when Kunst Blue is the frame? Kunst Blue is the one who holds a passport issued by NSK, the New Slovenian Kunst movement, which gives him like a control unit travel rights to all worlds of art. You know it started with ALTs. *The ALTernate Wedding* is one of my stories that I wrote for *rez Magazine*. There, in *rez Magazine* of April 2020, I copied a word by Arno Panacek, “The ashes of the avatars burned by their control units could fill entire volcanoes.” Many have a female and a male Avatar and when it gets creepy they create an ALT so this ALT can verify the identity of the old one. In the real life profile, you will find, “Voice verified.” That’s not a lie. You can verify yourself by yourself. And I have with all modesty to say that I was the first verifying myself as a frame.

## NGIAF

You may ask when the NGIAF – the



No-Gender In A Frame movement started?

It was at Amerika Art in 2022. Words from the catalogue:

“Amerika Art is all a Coded World. Even being a man or a woman is a code. The question, “How would you like to be acknowledged?” does not need to be an issue in a virtual world. In Simulacron3, when you choose your avatar, you can become Ed Wood, who is both male and female, or become Glenda9, who is neither male or female, but comes with accessories you wear to represent your chosen gender. Simulacron3 sticks to the term Ident-Units. Can you believe that this concept was introduced in 1964 by Daniel F. Galouye, which Rainer Werner Fassbinder made into a movie in 1973, called *Welt am Draht* [*World on Wire*]? Enter Amerika Art the Simulacron3 way. Be a Linden instead of a Resident and hyperjump to Amerika.”

These are words that have been captured and saved by the Internet Archive.

That Avatars can have any gender is not new, but for the ones entering the world for the first time, it is. It is a wonder world. They can be any gender at any time. They can choose any colour of their skin and any body form

they want to be. Body positivity becomes reality. My Art Blue is old but that's not the worst point that he looks old, that he looks outdated. He is a system avatar. He is not mesh. Who wants to date a basic body, one the founders created? I don't care. He is my Avatar. He is my Hero. In Simulacron-3, my personality is acknowledged. Your personality is acknowledged.

Get ready for the future. Be my Avatar, be my Future. Get addicted to yourself. This time the trip takes as long as you like. Thanks to Corona. Thanks to the Covod-21. Thanks to the shutdown. Thanks to home isolation. Thanks to the Simulator. Thanks to the Stressless VR recliner that moves our bones, kneads your muscles so they don't wither away. The chair keeps you fit without a need to leave your home at any time. The machines care well for us. They lead us in a Coded World, they make the Avatar to the very best of me. Avatare me.

Is there a way out?

No, why shall there be a way out? Listen to the opportunities. Do you want the machine to make you into Barnett Newman, Andy Warhol or Christopher Wool? Maybe you want to be a different person? Go for it! I want to be Picasso, the artist who invented and re-invented himself again and

again. At the end of his life, he became a light artist. He would hold a lamp in his hand and draw light circles in the dark. The shots of them become timeless. Only in the machine you can watch them over and over again. Picasso went to a frame. Picasso went genderless. Even a woman can be a frame. You say, that's an insult. No! A frame is A frame is A frame. Is this Picasso? No, it is Barnett Newman, Andy Warhol and Christopher Wool. A publication on the Superficiality of Painting focusing on these three artists was named A picture is A picture is A picture and a code was given, a Black Frame. No wonder that Kunst Black is an ALT of me.

You call me a liar, just because I skipped that Picasso created art with a light bulb already in 1949? Don't take issues of time into your life in the simulator. Time is Time is Time is Time. Every day I create my frame. The music runs and runs and runs.

## Face Liberate Me

<https://youtu.be/dqMMu0OL-Sc>

Listen to O Fortuna, let Swordcoder wire you brain, then give up your resistance.

*O Fortuna  
velut luna  
statu variabilis,*

*semper crescis  
aut decrescis;  
vita detestabilis  
nunc obdurat  
et tunc curat  
ludo mentis aciem,  
egestatem,  
potestatem  
dissolvit ut glaciem.*

*Sors immanis  
et inanis,  
rota tu volubilis,  
status malus,  
vana salus  
semper dissolubilis,  
obumbrata  
et velata  
michi quoque niteris;  
nunc per ludum  
dorsum nudum  
fero tui sceleris.*

*Sors salutis  
et virtutis  
michi nunc contraria,  
est affectus  
et defectus  
semper in angaria.  
Hac in hora  
sine mora  
corde pulsum tangite;  
quod per sortem  
sternit fortem,  
mecum omnes plangite!*

---



O Fortune,  
like the moon  
you are changeable,  
ever waxing  
ever waning;  
hateful life  
first oppresses  
and then soothes  
playing with mental clarity;  
poverty  
and power  
it melts them like ice.

Fate – monstrous  
and empty,  
you whirling wheel,  
you are malevolent,  
well-being is vain  
and always fades to nothing,  
shadowed  
and veiled  
you plague me too;  
now through the game  
I bring my bare back  
to your villainy.

Fate is against me  
in health  
and virtue,  
driven on  
and weighted down,  
always enslaved.  
So at this hour  
without delay  
pluck the vibrating strings;  
since Fate  
strikes down the strong,  
everyone weep with me!

---

## Logging In

Time has come to choose the life in a  
Frame and to become A Tale of Us.  
The music runs and runs and runs.



Listen to  
<https://youtu.be/JEmq9RRfqbg>

One Life Passport posted on this  
compilation in YouTube:

“Listening to this While Coding in Python!”

I went to his YouTube profile:

“My name is Austin and I am 26 years old. I work online trading stocks,



blogging, Fighting and I started my digital marketing agency. I am a digital nomad and I travel the world with my girlfriend and move to a different country every few months. I want to give you insight into the life of a

digital nomad. I will be answering all kinds of questions that you may have about what we do and how we do it. If this seems interesting to you, feel free to join our family!”

I wonder if he has an Avatar and if he will be visiting Amerika Art in 2022. I will send him and his girlfriend an invite. Amerika is in Germany, you know it, right?

Remember what I wrote as a Prolog to *Swordcoder* in *rez Magazine*, April 2017:

“Prolog is an AI weapon, you tell it what to do, which it does, but then it also builds some terminators to go back in time and kill your mom.” - Bjorn Tipling

Austin is coding in Python. Here comes the text for this language:

“Python is the “v2/v3” double barrel shotgun, only one barrel will shoot at a time, and you never end up shooting the recommended one.” - Bjorn Tipling

· r — e — z ·





Green mosses;  
Orange mushrooms  
Poke through slick bark -  
Smell of walnut underfoot  
Upon moist, mulch ground.

Green fern shoots  
Aspire to human heights -

Tall evergreens edge  
Canyonesque creek  
Shimmering whites

Everything lush -  
Always, always sen  
Moisture, growth of  
In constant rain as

*By Shyla the Super Gecko (AKA*





le down  
beds  
upon grey rocks.

sing  
f a forest

Birds echo numerous in the canopy.

I strip my clothes:  
Make love upon a log  
To my beloved nature.  
The rain forest of my youth -  
The mistress of my life.

*KriJon Resident in Second Life)*



# Wishbone One

Chapter Five:  
A Grateful Nat





ion

by Jami Mills



“So, this will be our final session before the launch, Colonel. You must be filled with a lot of emotion. It would be natural if you felt some apprehension. Imagine - - just three days away and here you are on the brink of history. That’s pretty heady stuff. Let’s use our time together today to explore anything you think we’ve either missed, or undervalued in our prior sessions.” Captain Snyder’s blonde hair was tightly pulled back in its usual style, her makeup impeccable, and with her stiff, military bearing, she conveyed an austere severity. Jimmy had never seen her without a notepad on her lap. Her legs were demurely crossed, her pressed blue skirt not quite reaching her knees. And yet, Jimmy felt completely relaxed with her and had no qualms whatsoever about sharing his deepest secrets. After all, at this point in his life, here on the “brink of history,” what on Earth did he have to lose?

“Let’s talk about sex, Captain.”

With the wink, Jimmy could see his therapist unsuccessfully try to suppress a smile. “This is a core value of yours, Colonel Madison. We’ve talked about your need for validation, your need for intimacy. Sex provides these things for you. It interests me, however, that you would choose this topic instead of family, death and dying, your legacy. Why choose sex for our last session?

How do you feel about sex and physical intimacy, Colonel? Try to share with me something that reaches a little deeper than in our explorations of the subject in prior sessions.”

“As you know, I’ve been treated before for - - I forget the clinical name - - “sex addiction.” It’s not the physical act itself I obsess about. I suppose it’s connecting with another human being and the relief it provides me - - how it reduces, at least temporarily, the pervasive “aloneness” I often feel. Aloneness, not loneliness.”

“You said ‘not loneliness,’ Colonel. What do you mean?”

“This connectedness I crave, you’re right - - it’s at my core, but it’s not loneliness. I’ve don’t really feel lonely at all - - I enjoy my own company. But when I’m with an attractive woman, I can’t escape the desire to completely meld with her. If I could crawl entirely inside her, merge with her on a molecular level, I would. Sex is the closest thing in my life that enables me to achieve that ‘merging.’ Apparently, though, this need is more of a compulsion that has been diagnosed as “pathological,” and something that, without treatment, could cause - - and may have already caused - - lasting harm to me and others.”

“Do you think it’s pathological,

Colonel, or are you comfortable with these impulses?” Captain Snyder’s fingers were nimbly typing on her notepad. She had long since mastered the art of unobtrusively typing while making attentive eye contact with her patients.

“I suppose it’s a matter of degree, Captain. It hasn’t disrupted by professional life.”

“Colonel, none of this surprises me in the least. I don’t believe you are a sex addict and I don’t believe you have a pathological disposition toward sex. We’ve learned so much about sexuality recently.”

Jimmy paused to consider how the 2051 Gehry Study on Sexuality affected planning for prolonged space travel and how it so fundamentally impacted his mission. As he learned from his training with Grace, the Gehry Study caused a paradigm shift in space travel. It’s what launched the M\*E\*S\*H program now incorporated into the newest generation of AIs. It was never understood until recently that sex was not merely something recreational to while away the long, tedious hours of space travel, but an essential underpinning of mental health, crucial to mission success.

In test after test, astronauts suffered severe stress in space that only seemed

to be alleviated through sex. M\*E\*S\*H is probably the most sophisticated sequence of computer code ever introduced into an AI. It’s M\*E\*S\*H that has converted Grace from an ultra-competent robot into a “sexual” being - - a more “human” being if you will. It’s really quite brilliant. It’s no wonder that it won Gehry the Nobel Prize. They tell me that Grace may well save my life on this mission - - she’s that important to its success.

Captain Snyder stopped typing and said to Jimmy, “The thought of programming an AI with the complexity of sexual response has turned psychologists’ and sociologists’ heads spinning for decades. I don’t need to remind you how anxious people were about the introduction of M\*E\*S\*H. “It’s going to change everything,” they said. It’s all anyone ever talked about. Old attitudes and habits had to be jettisoned once M\*E\*S\*H arrived. But we all survived.”

“I think I’m looking forward to my time with Grace more than any other part of the mission. Crazy, isn’t it? I mean, here I am - - flying to Mars - - and I’m thinking about Grace.”

“Yes, Colonel. In therapeutic circles, we call that ‘batshit crazy.’”

\* \* \* \* \*



“Dude! How goes it, Jimmy? I never thought I’d see you here so close to your launch. You’re the talk of the town now. Hell, you’re the talk of the world. To think, a buddy of mine being the first man to walk on Mars. Hey, don’t let that AI of yours elbow you out of the way to claim the honor, either. What’s up, man?” Pete playfully punched Jimmy’s bicep, who then instinctively went into a boxer’s crouch.

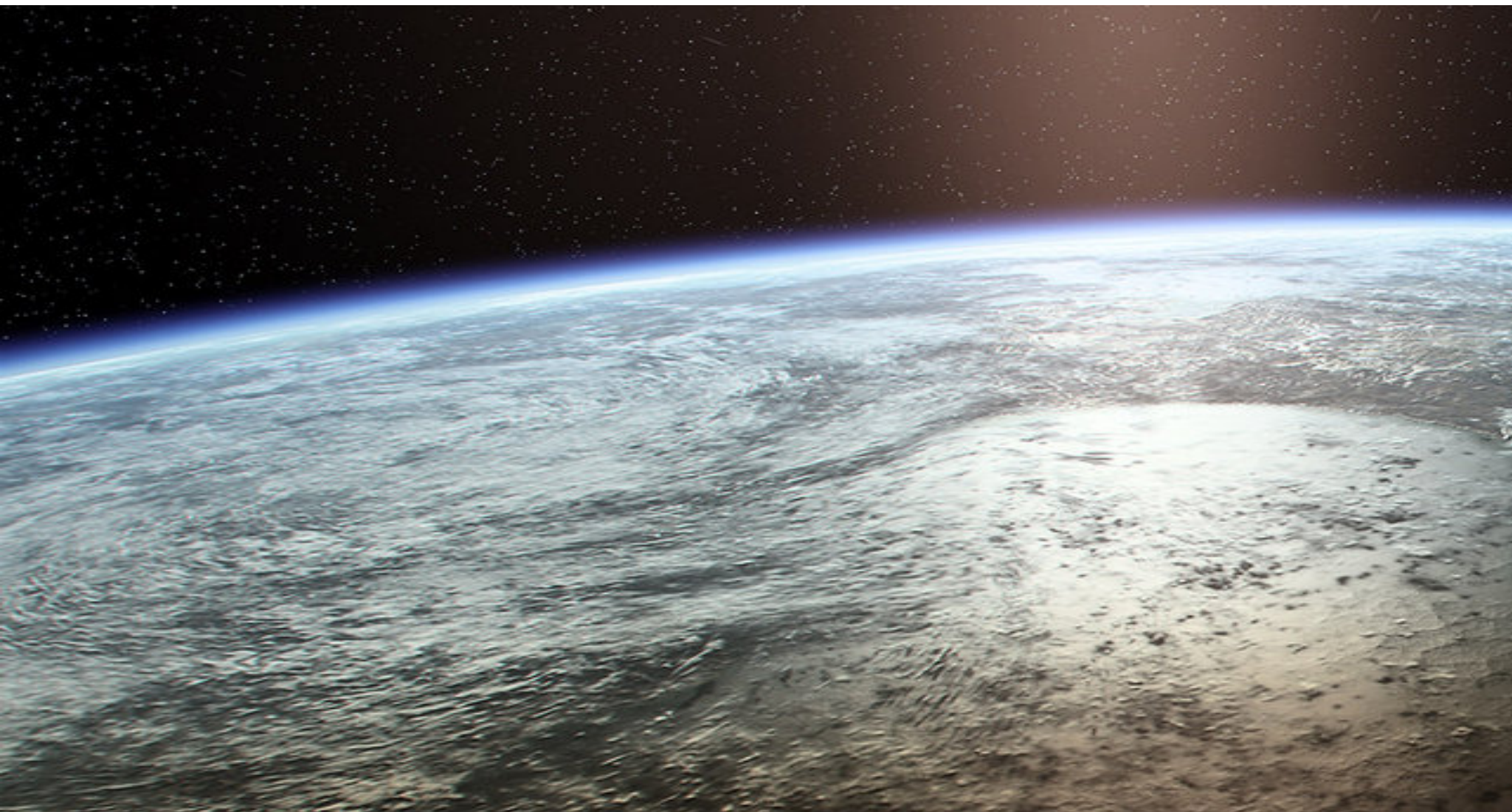
If Pete Starks would just add a pair of coke-bottle glasses and a pocket protector to his look, he’d be the quintessential nerd. First in his class at MIT. No slouch, Pete. If there were a piece of code nearby, Pete would find it, field strip it like an M-60, tell you who wrote it and why it wasn’t up to Pete’s lofty standards. Without asking,

Pete would probably re-write it on the spot.

“I need a favor, and you’re my go-to guy when it comes to programming.” Pete lit up a joint and kicked his feet up on his coffee table, strewn with technical magazines, treatises, an overflowing ashtray and last night’s Buffalo wings. “Pete, this is disgusting,” Jimmy said as he picked up the bones and took them into the kitchen. “Pete, how do you live like this?”

“Hey, what’s your question, dude? Or are you going to bust my chops some more?” Pete smiled and was happy that he could help Jimmy. “Anything for you. Whadya need?”

“How hard would it be to hack into the self-driving mechanism of a car and





take control of it?” Jimmy’s face turned deadly serious, a deep furrow creasing his brow.

“Jimmy, self-driving technology is over 40 years old. Some of the most sophisticated anti-hacking software known to man had to be developed to preserve the integrity of automobile control systems, seeing as how a car really is a 3-ton deadly weapon. Why are you asking?”

“Pete, please keep this between us. Promise me you will. I think someone may have hacked into Rachel’s car and deliberately caused her accident.”

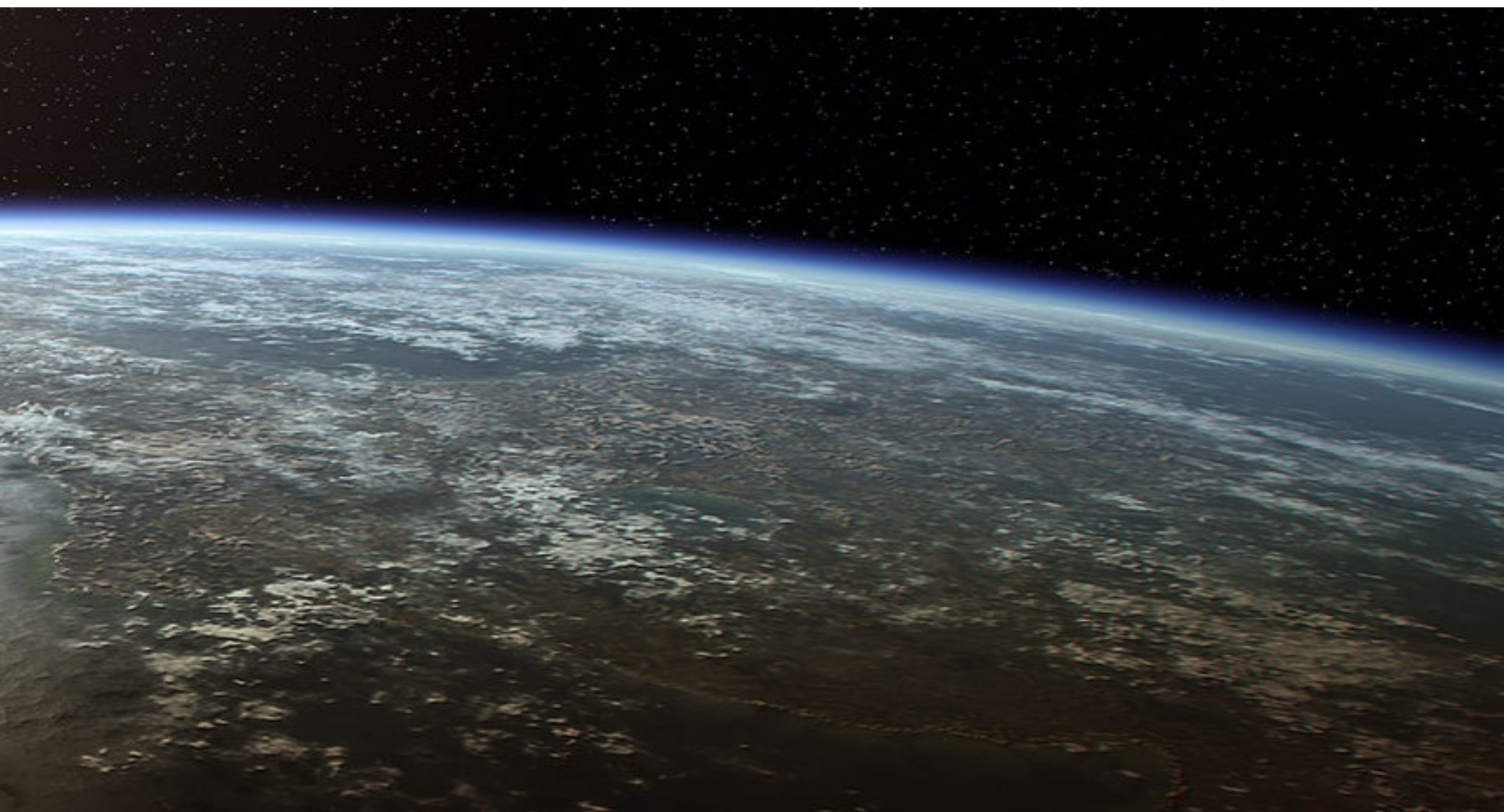
“Jesus. You don’t really think that, do you? Don’t scare me like that, dude. It’s impossible, Jimmy. Those systems are fail-safe, and any car designed after 2045 is equipped with safeguards that

wouldn’t allow that.”

“Pete, you always told me that every computer system has a back door, every system can be hacked. It just takes time and smarts.”

“Yeah, Jimmy, but it’d be easier to hack the Pentagon.” As soon as he said it, he realized that the Pentagon had been hacked ten years earlier.

“Means and motive, Jimmy. Means and motive.” Who would want to harm beautiful Rachel, who didn’t have an enemy in the world? And who would have the capability to defeat the layers of protection built into the self-driving protocols? It would require computing power on a massive scale. I don’t see it. Sometimes, an accident is just that, in Rachel’s case, a tragic accident. I know how it’s still tearing you up and I





still feel horrible, too, but I would say it's next to impossible."

"But it is possible, you're saying."

"Yeah, it's possible. Anything's possible, dude."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jimmy cut quite a figure in his NASA flight suit as he sauntered down the brightly lighted hallway at the Space Center. A smattering of applause could be heard as eager onlookers dropped what they were doing to stare. People peered out of their doors, giving Jimmy a thumbs-up. One scrub tried to get Jimmy to autograph his cap, but Jimmy brushed past him. He had too much on his mind to even notice. Jimmy was, as they say, in The Zone.

He turned the corner and faced an array of people, many with their phones out, snapping a piece of history. He wasn't expecting quite this much commotion, but he understood. It was a really big deal. He entered Conference Room B and took everything in. Seated at the conference table next to General Whiting were Monty Johnson, Chief Flight Controller for Wishbone, and Jerry Spitzer, Lead Liaison for NASA Communications. Billy Bob Michaels, Lead Engineer for Datassault, the firm that designed, built and tested

Wishbone, stood by the whiteboard with two smartly dressed women he didn't recognize. At the far end of the table were two gorgeous women, also in flight suits.

General Whiting looked up and sternly said, "Dammit, Jimmy, you're late ... so we've scrubbed the mission."

The entire room erupted in laughter, which cut the tension that hung in the room like a thick fog. "I think you know everyone here. Monty and Jerry from NASA. Billy Bob you know all too well. He's the one who designed your tortuous training sessions in The Unit. And this is Lt. Colonel Dorothy Campbell and Colonel Marge Courtland, both from COMRAD. And I think you know these other two ladies, Grace and Fallon, your co-conspirators on this mission. Grace's eyes brightened and her cheeks flushed noticeably. Amazing. How does she do that?

Jimmy had never encountered Fallon before, but he'd always known there'd be a second AI on board. Fallon was the AI Dirk Reynolds designed and trained with. I guess Washington's AI missed the cut. One night at the Iron Horse, between rounds, Dirk had mentioned her name to Jimmy, but not much else. "I call her Fallon. She's my Fallon Angel, get it??" Jimmy thought to himself, "Dirk, you dawg. You went

all pin-up on me.” Jimmy winked at Fallon sitting at the end, who looked up and smiled politely.

General Whiting wasted no time. “Monty, why don’t you get us started.”

“Thank you, General. Well, Jimmy, Grace and Fallon, it’s time to get this party started. You’ve got the best ground crew that’s ever been assembled for a space mission, and that’s no exaggeration. They’ve worked just as hard as you three have for this mission, and probably lost more sleep than any of you. You’re in good hands, you three. Launch is at Oh Seven Hundred tomorrow. Variable

in the backup communications pod, but that’s been resolved. Everything is looking good, all telemetry stations reporting, the astronauts on the International Space Station have been doing some tidying it up, getting it ready for some visitors on Friday.”

Colonel Courtland stood up and interrupted. “General, pardon me, but I have the President on the line.”

The General barked, “Put him on the speakerphone. President Endicott, this is General Whiting at the Command Center. Thank you for calling in. You’re on the speaker phone with a cast of characters, but I’m guessing

“Your courage inspires us - - your determination motivates us - - your sacrifice will change the course of history.”

winds at 5 knots from the northeast, Wishbone is in final systems check, ready for liquid oxygen at Oh Four Hundred tomorrow. Where’re we at now, Jerry?”

Jerry looked at his watch and replied, “T-minus 16 hours, 17 minutes and counting.”

“We had an electrical glitch yesterday

you want to speak with Jimmy Madison. Mr. President, he’s right here. Go ahead.”

“Jimmy, can you hear me okay?”

“Yes, Mr. President, loud and clear. Thank you for calling. Means a lot, sir.”

“Jimmy, on behalf of a grateful nation,



I want to express my profound admiration not only for the manner in which you've served your country until now, but for the example you're setting for generations to come. Your courage inspires us - - your determination motivates us - - your sacrifice will change the course of history. You are a true American hero. I speak not only for our great country and our citizens, who now have every reason to dream big, but on behalf of world leaders who have been tying up the lines here at the White House sending their congratulations. Frankly, Jimmy, it's been hard to get anything done around here for the past few days." The room broke into laughter again but quickly quieted down.

"Jimmy, as your Commander in Chief, and by the authority of the Congress of the United States of America, I hereby bestow upon you the highest award this country has to give military personnel, the Medal of Honor, to commend you for your commitment and your heroism. General, please do the honors."

General Whiting strode over to Jimmy and from a square blue box, produced the five-starred medal hanging from a blue ribbon and placed it over Jimmy's head.

"You have served your country with unflagging distinction, and we are

grateful for that. Oh, and Jimmy. I have someone else here who wants to say a few words too. Speak straight into the phone, Jennie." President Endicott handed the phone to his seven year-old daughter, Jennifer.

"JIMMY!!! Oh my God! I'm so in love with you, and so is my dog Peppers. We both want to come with you, but I have school tomorrow and Peppers would probably pee in the space ship. God bless you, Jimmy. You're my hero!"

"Okay, darling. Give Daddy back the phone. Well, how's that for some unscripted enthusiasm, Colonel? Out of the mouths of babes..."

"Mr. President, I am overcome with emotion at this very moment, but I thank you for this great and unexpected honor. I promise you, and all of my fellow Americans, I will devote every ounce of my energy to ensure a successful mission, and I will do my utmost to be deserving of this award. I won't let you down, sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jimmy, Grace and Fallon stepped into the elevator at the base of Wishbone, Jimmy alone carrying a portable oxygen canister. Words are insufficient to describe the sheer scale of the launch pad itself. The hiss of steam

issued from pipes and hoses. Steel superstructures loomed on all sides, dials and gauges everywhere. The sounds of metal clanging against metal, and bells and whistles, literally, could be heard all around them. Twirling red warning lights spun like dervishes around the technicians who were giving Wishbone one final love pat.

The elevator went up to a dizzying height and jerked to a stop. Two techs met the crew as the elevator door opened, and they were escorted across the gantry to the open door of the ship. Grace and Fallon entered first, and Jimmy turned to take one last look at the land he loved so much, the land that now so completely loved him back. A gull glided below him, giving him a sense of the dizzying height where he now stood. And figuratively, Jimmy now was at the pinnacle of his storied career. He remembered a Thanksgiving dinner as a boy, where he fought for the wishbone. Now he had the biggest wishbone of all. Jimmy felt tears welling up in his eyes. He'd never see this beautiful world again.

"This is John Graham of CBS News in Washington, interrupting this broadcast with breaking news. It's been two and half years of dedicated preparation and tireless effort on the part of literally thousands of people, but we are now within one hour of the launch of

Wishbone One, the first manned space flight to the planet Mars, where Colonel James Madison hopes to be the first human ever to set foot on another planet. Bill Ashcroft is at the launch site. Bill, what can you tell us about this historic moment?"

"Thank you, John. As you can see behind me, Wishbone One stands majestically on the launch pad here on what is a perfectly beautiful day. I'm told that astronaut Jimmy Madison, flanked by two AIs who will accompany him on this mission, have just entered the ship and are going through their final pre-launch checks. I'm also told this is going to be the most highly watched event in the history of television. On July 20, 1969, 14% of the world's population, or approximately 530 million people, watched Neil Armstrong take his first step on the surface of the moon. Today, John, we're expecting over one billion people - - that's right, one billion - - to be tuning in. There's a palpable excitement in the air now, and a crowd of over 10,000 onlookers is next to me. John, it's a great day to be an American, and a great day for all of humankind as Wishbone One embarks on its historic journey to the Red Planet, the planet Mars. Back to you, John."

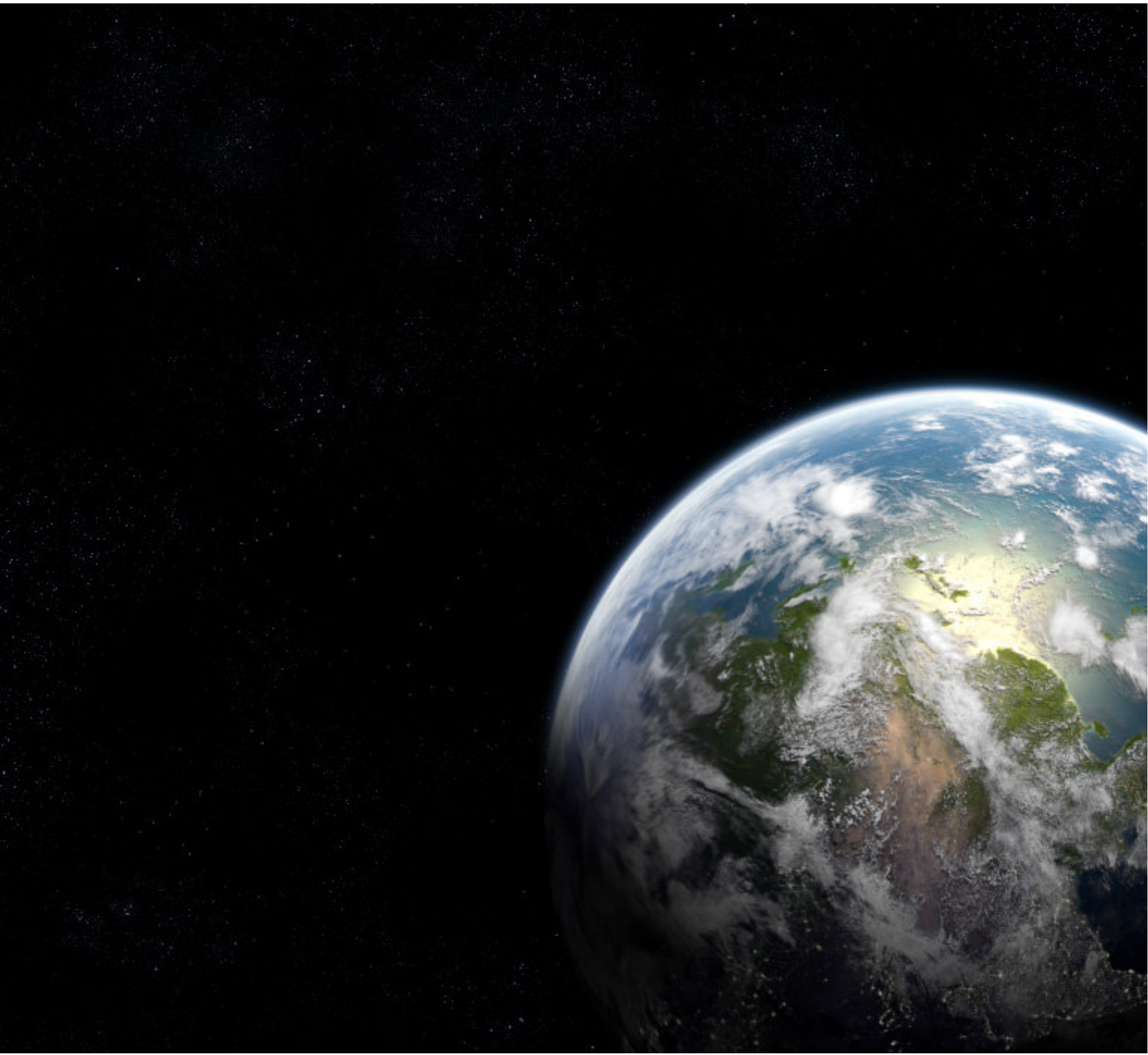
\* \* \* \* \*



We have T-minus two minutes, 45 seconds and counting. Launch vehicle power is engaged. Flight termination system is armed. T-minus one minute, 56 seconds and counting. First stage thrust vector activated. All tanks at flight pressure. Fuel is Go. Engines are Go. Communications is Go. Computers are Go. Crew is Go. We have T-minus 20 seconds and counting.

Arm pyrotechnics. Go for launch. T-minus 10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 5... engine ignition ... 4... 3... 2... 1... we have Lift Off. And Wishbone One, the world's first manned interplanetary spacecraft, is on its way to the planet Mars. Giddyup!"

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# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





photography

jami mills







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# *Almost Paradise*



*(Five Items for a)*



*se Cat Boccaccio*



*a Desert Island)*



**M**y desert island is somewhere near Tahiti. Have you been to Tahiti? It is paradise, just saying. Unlike Australia, for example, there are no deadly reptiles or insects. Fish and shellfish are abundant. Tahitian people are among the most generous and gentle I have ever met.

But there will be no other people on this island. So the first item on my list will be a little family of goats. Or sheep. They can provide companionship while also supplying milk and cheese. Have you seen baby goats (kids) and baby sheep (lambs)? Who needs people? Plus, I won't eat them, unless things become truly desperate, which would probably feel like cannibalism. Can you imagine Tom Hanks eviscerating Wilson to make a pair of gloves? A baby goat is way cuter and warmer than a basketball.

How do Tahitians make flour? I would need to look into this. I believe they grind root vegetables, then mix them with other native-grown ingredients, like coconut. It would be nice to have bread, to go with the cheese and milk, and even better if I didn't have to use up one of my five allowable items, which I am not doing.

Lemon trees. If I'm eating fish daily, while preventing scurvy, lemons seem ideal. Plus they make good dressing for greens and smell wonderful. But did you know they can also be used to soothe a sore throat, provide potassium

in your diet and help reduce the likelihood of high blood pressure and kidney stones? You can also use lemon juice as an insect repellent, an antihistamine, pain-reliever, face cleanser, disinfectant, and mildew eliminator.

I thought of planting some olive trees, since I am a fan of olive oil (and olives), but I think I will rely on coconuts and coconut oil. After all, this particular paradise is not Tuscany.

Next, how do I practically read and write, with no renewable resources? Sadly, I think I will have to limit my reading to, say, a box of books, the titles of which could be the subject of another prompt. As for writing, I would need notebooks, and lots of them, and lots of pencils and erasers. Maybe a box of those too.

While I'm hauling plants from the wreckage, I'll introduce some hardy grape varieties to my island. It will take a long time to produce a glass of wine, but I'm sure it will be worth the wait, and effort. That makes five items. Santé!

1. Goat family
2. Lemon trees
3. Box of books
4. Box of notebooks
5. Grape plants

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Friday

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# A Brief History of Doo-Wop

Compiled by  
Lynn Mimistrobell



Doo-wop, is a style of rhythm-and-blues and rock-and-roll vocal music popular in the 1950s and '60s. The structure of doo-wop music generally featured a tenor lead vocalist singing the melody of the song with a trio or quartet singing background harmony. The term doo-wop is derived from the sounds made by the group as they provided harmonic background for the lead singer.

The roots of the doo-wop style can be found as early as the records of the Mills Brothers and the Ink Spots in the 1930s and '40s. The Mills Brothers turned small-group harmony into an art form when, in many of their recordings, they used their vocal harmony to simulate the sound of string or reed sections. The Ink Spots established the preeminence of the tenor and bass singer as members of the pop vocal ensemble, and their influence can be heard in rhythm-and-blues music beginning in the 1940s (in records by the Ravens), throughout the '50s, and well into the '70s.

This influence is best exhibited in the remakes of the Ink Spots' hit records *My Prayer* (1956) by the Platters and *If I Didn't Care* (1970) by the Moments. In fact, Motown's premier male group of the 1960s and '70s, the Temptations, had a vocal sound that was based in this classic doo-wop

style, with the Ink Spots' tenor lead singer, Bill Kenny, and bass singer, Hoppy Jones, serving as inspiration for the Temptations' lead singers, Eddie Kendricks and David Ruffin, and their bass singer, Melvin Franklin. There also was a school of female doo-wop, best exemplified by the Chantels, the Shirelles, and Patti LaBelle and the Bluebelles.

The popularity of doo-wop music among young singers in urban American communities of the 1950s such as New York City, Chicago, and Baltimore, Maryland, was due in large part to the fact that the music could be performed effectively a cappella. Many young enthusiasts in these communities had little access to musical instruments, so the vocal ensemble was the most popular musical performing unit. Doo-wop groups tended to rehearse in locations that provided echoes—where their harmonies could best be heard. They often rehearsed in hallways and high school bathrooms and under bridges; when they were ready for public performance, they sang on stoops and street corners, in community centre talent shows, and in the hallways of the Brill Building.

As a result many doo-wop records had such remarkably rich vocal harmonies that they virtually overwhelmed their minimalist instrumental



accompaniment. Doo-wop's appeal for much of the public lay in its artistically powerful simplicity, but this "uncomplicated" type of record also was an ideal, low-budget investment for a small record company to produce. The absence of strings and horns ("sweetening") in their production gave many of the doo-wop records of the early 1950s an almost haunting sparseness. The Orioles' *What Are You Doing New Years Eve?* (1949) and *Crying in the Chapel* (1953), the Harptones' *A Sunday Kind of Love* (1953), and the Penguins' *Earth Angel* (1954) are excellent examples of this effect.

An unfortunate by-product of the poetic simplicity of doo-wop records was that it was relatively easy for major labels to cover (re-record) those records with greater production values (including the addition of strings and horns) and with a different vocal group. Consistent with the racial segregation of much of American society in the 1950s, the practice of major record labels producing cover records usually involved doo-wop records that were originally performed by African-American artists being re-created by white artists, the objective being to sell these covers to a broader, "pop" (white) audience. Among the legion of doo-wop records that suffered this fate were the Chords' *Sh-Boom* (covered by the Crew-Cuts in

1954) and the Moonglows' *Sincerely* (covered by the McGuire Sisters in 1955).

A number of white singing groups adopted the doo-wop style—particularly Italian-American ensembles who shared the same urban environment with the African Americans who originated doo-wop. Like the phenomenon of cover records, the advent of the "clean-cut" teen idols who prospered on American Bandstand, and the popularity of blue-eyed soul, this version of doo-wop further exemplified how black music was co-opted by the white recording industry. Prominent practitioners of the "white doo-wop" sound were the Elegants (*Little Star* [1958]), Dion and the Belmonts (*I Wonder Why* [1958]), and the Four Seasons' (*Sherry* [1962]). Ultimately, the musical power of doo-wop has flowed from the original groups through the Motown music of the 1960s and the Philly Sound of the '70s and continued into the urban contemporary music of the '90s.



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## The SL Arts and Life Magazine



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# THE BOTTLE THAT WA

By Amy Inawe (SJW)

*coals flare in time with inbound sea  
bringing a bottle from far to me  
the message is short  
my love is begging for liberty*

*the message is written in gold-flecked tears  
treasures redundant if living in fear  
the salt of the sea embraces the pain  
of self being steered away from the flames*

*the smoke dances mists  
layers of trysts  
undulating sky  
where clouds bemoan trying*

*my love, on the other side  
whispers her longings in p  
her words contain truth  
that fountain of youth*

*where gravity lets you rise  
as storm puddles return to  
thunder and lightning unde  
they never complain*

*inside that bottle that waltz  
tears and gold glitter dazzl  
her words contain balm tha  
but her words shall forever*





# SALTZED ACROSS SEA

of the sea  
poetry

*she wants the freedom, that liberty  
to be soothed by the graceful caress of beauty  
her eyes have been veiled by an island of cares  
drowned in that ocean of despair*

again  
rain  
erstand pain

*where from the depths her messages float  
revealing in gold all that she wrote  
I search for these utterances on the seashore  
and dream of my unseen love with vigour*

zed across sea  
le me  
at she does not feel  
r heal





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